

6

T H E

Author of a C H A R A C T E R , &c.

T O T H E

Author of a Letter,

Dated, *Enfield, Feb. 18, 1717.*

*Difficile est Satyram non scribere; nam quis Iniquæ
Tam patiens Urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?
Semper ego auditor tantum? Nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus toties ————— ————— ?* Juv.

*There are Moral Poets, as well as Philosophers — Among
the Satyrists there is excellent Morality, — I do not
call Moral in that low Sense the Generality of Men understand
Morality, — I understand here Divine Morality, such
as is engendred in the Soul by the Operations of the Holy Spi-
rit, that inward living Principle of all Godliness and Honesty.*
Claridge's Append. to Gent. Div. p. 38 and 34.



PRINTED in the Year, 1717.

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To



*The Author of a Character, &c.
to the Author of a Letter, dated,
Enfield, Feb. 18, 1717.*

THIS strange! Must Nonsense flow without Constraint?
And *nat'ral Limners* be debar'd their Paint?
Shall Dulness reign in each unartful Line?
And *Satyr* Reformation Work decline?
G——n shall first forget his Impudence,
And Preach the Gospel in melodious Sense:
First C——le shall make his *Observations* true;
And P——ce, with Words, shall weave in Reason too:
The *Letter-Authors* first to Wit lay Claim,
And in their empty Writings see their Shame.
In Numbers one, what he cou'd write, convey'd, *Letter to the Author of a Character, &c.*
Aw'd by my Verse, and of my Style afraid,
Frightned with *Satyr*, soon declines the Task,
And mildly thinks he's done enough to ask;
Ask, *If from Heaven my Inspiration came?* *Ib. p. 3.*
If I'm enliven'd by a sacred Flame?
When all my Lines evince from what I write,
Clear as the Truth, and evident as Light.
His doubtful *Ifs* reveal'd his shud'ring Fear, *Ib. p. 3.*
And in my Just *Return* they disappear.
The Last, in vain, a diff'rent Method chose, *Enfield-Letter.*
Too thin disguiz'd, he writes in hobling *Prose*;

Like *Aesop's* Ass cloath'd in a Lyon's Skin,
He seems Majestic till his Ears are seen :
But hold ! he calls my Pen from pleasing Ryme,
With his dead Style to keep an equal Time :
Shall I in that his foggy Dulness trace,
Tho' gauling *Satyr* still my Will obeys ?
No : my Verse runs as fast as his dull Prose,
Pleasant to write, and easie to compose.

Prithee, soft Author, whosoe'er thou art,
In G——, what canst see to take his Part ?
From him no Life, no Inspiration springs ;
He, *Estrich*-like, wou'd mount, devoid of Wings.
From him we find to Heav'n an easie Way,
To please our Wills, and let our Reason sway :
His Words with an unusual Tone rebound,
And Gusts of Satan fly in ev'ry Sound ;
He thund'ring Accents thro' the Concave flings,
Whilst jostling Echoes meet in airy Rings.
Pleas'd with the Noise, his fond Admirers
throng,
And bless the Jargon from his erring Tongue.
Believe ! I ne'er yet heard th' Impostor preach,
Or solid Nonsense to the Vulgar teach,
But in each Line he helps me to indite,
And shews at once both how and what to write.
He spurs my Passions, he extends my Rage,
Fuv. Sat. And seems the bauling *Codrus* of this Age :
I. and III. Confusion only is his nat'ral Course,
And still the more he speaks, he speaks the *worse*.
Him shou'd I trace thro' his Life's gaudy Scene,
Indent each Fault with my satyric Pen,
Paint all his Errors in their proper Hue,
And bring his secret darling Sins to View,

How

How Monstrous then wou'd *G——n's* Crimes appear,

The swelling Tome wou'd tire th' attentive Ear.

Too vast the Labour, I decline the Pains,

And guide the *Satyr* with contracted Reins;

Tho' *C——, B——, E——, H——, and L——,*

Partake his Follies, they're too mean for me.

These but the little Engines, Screws & Wheels,

Move the great Mass, that scarce their Vigor feels;

Proud of Himself, like a *Colossus* stands,

And dares the sensual Pow'r that him commands.

Oh! * dost thou think he can escape the Doom, * — *curta*
 When secret Thoughts to open Actions come? *men hos tu*
 Those bad Resolves that, silent, lodge within, *Evasisse pu-*
tes, quos di-
Spring from Hell's Seed, and aggravate his Sin. *Faäti*
Mens habet
 How then, where these an open Action find, *attontos? et*
Must they torment the Soul, and pain the Mind! *surdus verbe-*
re cedit
 His Sermons pierce him to the quick, and bring *Occultum*
His treach'rous Soul to find th' eternal Sting; *Animo Tor-*
What fearful, vast, impending Judgments wait *tore Flagel-*
*Th' enormous *Wretch*, and still their Terrors* *lum;* *Nam scelus*
threat! *intrase ta-*
citum qui
cogitat ul-
lum, *Faäti Crimen*
habet, cedo
si conata
peregit? *Perpetua*
Anxietas, *Juv.*

He knows, the Path of Sin he daily treads,
 Nor Heav'n's fierce Wrath in flaming Ven-
 geance dreads,

Nor crowding Dooms, nor lasting *Odium* fears,
 But still the fame in Acts and Words appears.

How sinful he, whom thou wou'dst fain defend,
 And shroud th' Intruder in the Name of *Friend*.

With

With Nullity of Sense, reverse of Wit,
 And Novelty of Style thy Letter's writ :
 Thanks to the *Prelude*, it declares the Thing
 Abortive born, and from no genuine Spring.
 Line 1, 2, Say, cou'dst thou hope I shou'd my self perplex
 3, 4, 5, 6, With nothing Thoughts, and a meer Nose of
 7, 8, Wax ;

An Insignificant from tumid Veins ;
 An empty Phantom of disorder'd Brains ;
 A thing that's void of true Connection too :
 With such as these, (O !) what have I to do ?

P. 3. 1. 9, Thou'lt read it seems, what my true Sheets
 10, and contain ;

P. 6. 1. 14, Now read 'em, for an Answer, o'er again :
 Ec. For since thy Lines contain no Ground of Sence,
 What need have I to find a fresh Expence ?
 Thou know'it I write for Truth, nor seek for
 Gain,

No Avaritious Thoughts in me remain ;
 My Godly Rage shall still the Truth defend,
 But answering such as thee there is no End ;
 Yet since thou vend'it thy Dross for currant Gold,
 Thy dark vain Sketches I'll to Light unfold.

P. 3. 1. 10. My Paper-War's a Type of nobler Fights ;
 For Christ with Belial's Spirit ne'er unites :
 The shining Pow'rs of Heav'n in Combat dare
 With Hell's dread Force to make an open War.
 What G—n is, his Tongue and Gestures shew,
 And C—le in his own Book himself may view ;
 P—ce, and the rest, are speaking Pictures still,
 And truly paint 'emselves against their Will.

P. 4. 1. 4. The *soft-style-Letter* met its just Return,
 And calmly lies, as in a peaceful Urn,

Whilst

Whilst my *hard Style* retains its piercing Dart,
By which (among the rest) thyself shalt smart.

Who blames my *Publication* and *Design*, P.4.1.6,7.
To cut off *Vice*, and *Falshood* undermine?
What Man wou'd care, where he may use his
Eyes,

To find, instead of *Truth*, a meer *Disguise*?
Such are the *Letters Strains*: No *Ground* appears
In all that's wrote; nor *Proof* the Matter clears:
Words unadapted, unconnected flow,
Whilst yet no Place for *Argument* they know.
When I in G——n find a *lasting Theme*,
And he himself, and I, his *Faults* proclaim:
He in the Gal'ry draws His *Character*,
And what he raves, in *Numbers*, I aver:
He speaks, I write (by him alone outdone)
He's *Sat'rist* and the *Subject* both in one:
He paints the *Features* of his ranc'rous *Heart*,
And what he draws, I copy out (in Part:)
To this I place a *diff'rent Form* in View,
That ev'ry Eye may see the *False* and *True*.
By me a fair *Comparison* is made,
Virtue nor *Vice* has a deceitful *Shade*;
Clear *Tropes of Reason* find their proper *Light*,
And *Truth* confronts the daring *Hypocrite*.
If this can *only gratifie* a *Mind* P.4.1.10,
Dispos'd to *Anger*, and to *Ill inclin'd*, to 15.
Create fierce *Heats*, extinguish *Friendships Grace*,
And *Love* from our *Societies* displace,
I'm lost in *Error*, gone from *Reason's Guide*,
And from the *Truth*, in great *Confusion*, slide.
But I (secure of *Sence*) appeal to thee,
If *Reason's* left, and thou hast *Eyes* to see:
Shou'd

Shou'd *Falshood* reign, and *Vice* untouched en-
crease, [Desease ?

And through the Church spread an uncur'd
Or, sharpened *Satyr* lance the Ulcerous Wound,
Cut the proud Flesh off, and preserve the sound?

P. 4. l. 17. It's safe to me, and yields a full Content,
18. To follow *Truth* in my *Experiment* :

If she her Rays through all my Lines diffuse,

P. 4. l. 19. What false, what bad Effects can it produce ?
10. 26. To rob a good Name, got by honest Means,

Is bad, and, sure, a hainous Sin contains :

But when good Names, by Methods false and base,
Some Persons gain, and *Vice* takes *Virtue's* Place,
How just it is to undeceive the Blind,

And lead a Brother the clear Truth to find,
By the Unerring Light of *Truth* and *Sense* ?

Besides, 'tis *Love*, and finds a Recompence.
This ought to make us search *Our selves* aright,
And finding *Truth*, detest the *Hypocrite*.

P. 5. l. 1. What signifies to say, *Three Teachers* are
2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Drawn in dark Colours in my *Character*,
Without a *Wherefore*, that appears so plain,
It justifies my *Verse*, approves my *Strain*.
Dark as themselves I'd have the Colours seem,

And suit with *Satyr*, as they suit with them.

'Tis done to set the Church *against* 'em too ;
(*For with Impostures what have we to do ?*)

That such remov'd, the *Ministry* may shine,
Protected and Upheld by Pow'rs Divine.

As long as such assume that sacred Place,
Our *Faith* and *Principles* are in Disgrace :

These *preach'emselves*, or *Christ* thro' *Envypreaching*,
And wanting *Life*, their *Words* no *Life* can
reach.

The

The *Church is wounded*, whilst these here remain,
 And the whole Body does the Hurt sustain.
 Who can behold 'em with impartial Eyes,
 Nor *angry* seem ? nor let his Passions rise ? P. 5. 1. 8,
 Nor stand in Godly Zeal for Truth alone ? 9, 10, 11.
 Let no such *Coldness* in Her Cause be known.
 From these do I advise our Friends to *fly*, P. 5. 1. 13.
 Whose Buildings fixt, on rocky Bases lie ?
 But what hast thou to do with *Godly Rage* ? P. 5. 1. 15.
 It's proper, sure, where we for Truth engage ?
 No *Wrath of Man* runs through my *Character*, P. 5. 1. 17.
 Is what I here (in Seriousness) aver :
 Persons alone, I never shall dislike ;
 'Tis still at *Vice*, at *horrid Vice* I strike.
 Impending Judgments let me never call,
Vengeance is God's, and he'll repay it all. P. 5. 1. 17,
 But in this *Gospel-Day* (when Christ alone 18, 19.
 Shou'd *Rule the Soul*, and *Judge upon his Throne*)
 That Men unfit, exempt from heav'nly Fire,
 From *God's abounding Love* that shou'd inspire,
 Pretend to Preach : 'Tis *Blasphemous and Vain* !
 And does not *G——n* uninspir'd remain ?
 Of *Ministers*, *God's Unction* is the Seal ;
 All shou'd *his Pow'r* and *Love*, in *Preaching* feel,
 Else, dry and fruitless will their Accents flow,
 Who nor this *Heat*, nor *true Anointing* know.
 I'm sorry, when thou'dst *read my Papers o'er*, P. 6. 1. 14,
 Thou still retain'dst the Mind thou hadst *before*. 15.
 'Tis bold Asserting, *I resolve to say* P. 6. 1. 17,
As many hard things of 'em as I may, 18, 19.
 Since *Reason* bounds my *Verse*, and all I write
 At once *Convincing Arguments* unite :

From

From these apparent Proofs, that shine so clear,
 P. 6. 1. 19. What Breakings forth of Bitterness appear?
 20, 21. In these, how cou'dt imagine I mistake,
 When I such plain, such fair Conclusions make?
 P. 6. 1. 26. Thy Just Account may come from partial Men,
 P. 6. 1. 27. And so thy Business, in Enquiry, vain :
 But mine, from their own Words and Actions comes,
 No Bigotry, with me, a Place assumes.
 P. 7. 1. 3. Can they be Good, who strive to blind our Eyes,
 Deceive our Reason, and the Truth disguise?
 P. 7. 1. 3. Can they be Honest, who their Words deny?
 P. 7. 1. 2. Or Sober, void of all Sobriety?
 P. 7. 1. 4. That G——n's Ministry is well approv'd,
 P. 7. 1. 6, 7. Or he with Pleasure heard, or he belov'd ;
 P. 14. 1. 4. That a Good Spirit, or a Pow'r Divine
 & 1. 8, 9. Does P——ce to Our True Ministry incline ;
 That C——le's Assertions and Remarks are true :
 All these I'd have thee, from sound Reason, shew.
 P. 7. 1. 2. 'Tis not a *Say-so* that will do with me,
 I must have Arguments, from Nonsense free ;
 I must have Proof, I must have Reason shine
 In ev'ry Stroke, and glide thro' ev'ry Line ;
 Else 'tis a vain Pretence, a vain Design.
 Prove these are true in *All they Act and Say*,
 I'll tear my Verse, and throw my Pen away ;
 I'll then recant of ev'ry Word I've wrote,
 Change my sharp Method, and reverse my Thought.
 In all, I hate a fearful, half-strain'd Way,
 That neither dare Assent, nor dare Gainsay :
 P. 6. 1. 21. Begun to' imagine, — Ready to conclude ; —
 & P. 7. Never on me, with foolish Words, intrude.
 1. 16. *Act like a Man*, prove mine a dark Account,
 Or else to nought, with me, thy Words amount.

Persons

Persons admitted (in this Gospel-Day)
To Prophesy the Ministerial Way,

P. 8. l. 9,
10, &c.

are those who Christ within 'emselves observe,
Who nor from Righteous Laws nor Precepts
swerve:

Nat'ral Acquirement ne'er to this prefers,
Tis God alone can make 'em Ministers.

Oh! let none Preach, without the sacred Fire,
And Pow'r, and Life, and a sincere Desire,
To solemn Hearers, only met to find

Sweet Refreshment to the fainting Mind,
Some heav'nly Balm, to cheer the drooping Soul,
And add New Life and Vigor to the whole.

The Church in Pow'r & Judgment still shall stand,
Built on a Rock, and not on falt'ring Sand;

False Preachers (such as P—ce and G——n are)
In this shou'd neither Place nor Portion share:

Were such from our True Ministry expel'd,
Twou'd true Content and Satisfaction yeild.

If Partial Bigots, void of Reasons Why,
Fix'd in Impertinence, against it cry,
Shall Impudence and Clamour still bear sway,
Whilst a Just Censure flies, in Noise, away?

As I my own and Brethrens Peace desire,
So still I aim to stop Contention's Fire,

P. 9. l. 16,
&c.

Encourage Peace, and Unity prefer,
And base Hypocrisie in all deter.

Such Ways as these can't root Religion out,
Nor fill Professors with pernicious Doubt;

P. 10. l. 13,
14, &c.

Create Divisions, nor the Church offend;

Nor Love, nor Charity from Brethren rend:

If we desire the Truth may flourish, then

P. 11. l. 7.

We must detect all Hypocritic Men;

For

For where Sincerity and Love are found,
There no *Unnat'ral Heats* nor Feuds abound.

P. 11. When I reflect on my Satyric Way,
l. 22, &c. To which nor *Anger*, nor Revenge did sway,
No Principle of Ill thereto inclin'd,
Nor an ill Temper from a wrathful Mind;

P. 12. l. 3. Nothing *pernicious to the Truth* I saw,
Nothing to break Loves Charitable Law.
This makes me want thy *bold Assertion* prov'd,
And clearly stated, as it thee behov'd:

L. 18, 19. Shew what *reproachful Turns* abound in mine,
20. What *Falshood* in my Words, what bad Design

L. 20, 21. That *they who God* nor pure *Religion* like,
At least may see at what and whom I strike
That *Vice* detected to their publick Sight,
Strong *Love* may flourish more, and more unite

P. 13. l. 2. That Our *Perswasion* may its Honour hold,
Bright as the Sun, and pure as *Ophir's Gold*;
Let Truth of Us a growing Int'rest make,
That no Intruders our Enclosures break;
That G——n's such, I've prov'd enough before
And till that's answer'd, I need say no more.

That I attempt *Christianity to raise*
l. 20, &c. By Methods unallow'd, or vile, or base,
By *Loading the true Ministry with Lies*,
And from my self their *Characters* devise;
'Tis false! 'twas never my Design in Verse,
Canst thou a fairer Character rehearse?

At least confess, have I not spread to View,
A Piece that shews at once the *False* and *True*?
A Publick Scæne is for *Impostors* made,
And stabbing Lines, steel'd Impudence invade

To

To Lash and Heal the Satyr, arm'd, pursues,
 Who Vice, unmask'd, like bold *Lucilius* views,
 With *Lyncæus*' Eyes beholds the *Nerves of Sin*,
 And *Falshood*, cover'd, lurks no more within.
 When G——n stops from secret vicious Ways,
 The Cause of *Satyr* with th' Effect will cease;
 Else, let its *Scourge* and *Whip of Steel* remain,
 Such Insignificants as thine disdain,
 And rage secure in its *Defensive Strain*.

Shou'd I be soft and kind to Wicked Men,
 Sure, I'm too cruel to the Pious then.
 Nor shou'd my Strains in oily Phrases glide,
 But sharp, and strong as an impetuous Tide;
 A godly Fire and Zeal in ev'ry Line,
 And pious Rage compleat the just Design.
 Since to be *Lukewarm* in the Cause of God,
 Deserves Correction from his Iron Rod.

Here's the bold Freedom of our Antients found, — *Unde*
 Who Vice (*they scarce dare name*) in Satyrs wound. *illa priorum*
 Each *conscious Wretch*, in Blushes, *hangs his Head*, *Scribendi*
 Lest all his Crimes shou'd be in Public spread. *quodcunque*
 The guiltless Soul from these no Terror finds, *Animo Fla-*
 Nor *shakes* when *Thunder* roars, & *raging Winds*. *grante libe-*
 Secure from Fear, from shocking Danger free, *ret*
 Lives in calm Peace, and can as calmly die. *Simplicitas,*
 O! let no partial Judgment byas thine,
 It secretly the Truth will undermine:
 Read with Desire to find the Truth, and then
 I'll wait thy Leisure to approve my Pen.

Thus having Something to thy Nothing writ,
 I'll end, desiring thy Encrease of Wit,
 That next Disguise may bear a better Face,
 And give me Something to confute and trace.

Telephus
æterna con-
sumptus tabe
perisset.
Si non que
nocuit dex-
tra tulisset
Opem. Ov.

illa priorum
Scrubendi
quodcunque
Animo Fla-
grante libe-
ret
Simplicitas,
cuius non
audeo dicere
Nomen?

Juv.

POSTSCRIPT.

Long the præceeding Verse in Slumbers lay
Whilst, unresolv'd, some Doubtful
Thoughts bore Sway ;
By turns they rul'd, and chang'd my *first Inten-*
By turns lay dormant, and my self content,
Till twice the *worthless Letter* pass'd the Press,
And then I thought 'twas time to seek Redres.

P. G's Ad-
dition to the
last Impre-
sion of the
Enfield Let-
ter, as fol-
lows :

Friendly
Reader,
When I had
seriously Pe-
rused the
præceeding
Letter, and
considered
how season-
ably it is A-
dapted to
our present
Case, *viz.*
for the
Checking
that Sland-
rous and Di-
viding Spirit
which work-
eth in the
Satyrift, and
his Abettors,
and for the
Quenching
those Flames
their Wrath
hath kindled
in our So-
ciety; I must
acknowledge
I was ex-
tremely sa-
tisfied there
with: *The*
Design of
the

A Sanctiōn now affords this Letter Grace,
And Nonsense bears a more religious Face :
Gwillim subscribes to what another wrote,
Who, like the *Enfield-Author*, wants in *Thought*
Gwillim, a *Wharfinger* and *Printer* too,
For Twenty Lines is made an *Author* now !
Thou *Printing-Author* still renew thy Toil,
With thy poor Works whole Bales of *Paper* spoil
Outbrave the Fury of an Iron Pen,
And bear the Satyr's Lash with other Men :
A *M*—, *W*—, *P*—, all alike
Shall feel the *Stroke*, whene'er I please to strike
Tell, Philip, when thou'dst read the *Letter* o'er
What just *Adaption to the Case* it bore ?
A *sland'rous and dividing Spirit* sways
In them who cover Lies, and Falshood praise :
But that in me such *Wrath* or *Flames* appear,
Tho' thou assert'ſt it, thou can't never clear ;
Print but one *Proof*, whene'er thou print'ſt again,
Thy Press shall never unemploy'd remain.

But, *Friendly Readers*, now to you I turn,
And *Authors*, wanting Sence and Reason scorn.
Gwillim's extreamly satisfy'd (it seems)
With his own *mercenary* Thoughts and Dreams.

What

What Reasonings flow, where Argument's destroyed ?

Or Ingenuity, where Sense is void ?

The Letter's Style, in ALL Respects, agrees
To Gospel-Doctrine, and Christ's holy Ways.

Here's strange asserting, without Thought or Wit,
Poor Philip miss'd the Point he meant to hit ;
How much, his Author's flatt'ring Words infer,
Your most Obliged —— Humble Servant, Sir.
If this be Gospel-Style, I'll freely own,
Both Truth and Gospel are to me unknown.

Enough of this : Now, Friendly Readers, try
Who suits to Reason best, or He, or I ?
Which is the healing Salve, the best Attempt,
Where Truth still gleams, or, where it is exempt ?
Where can the best Consideration fall,
To cut off One bad Limb, or Ruine All ?
Judge both our Acts by Hear'n's internal Guide,
And see which of Us turns the Truth aside.
My Works declare, That no vile Nature sways
My steady Mind to these Satyric Ways :
To each clear Sight my Arguments are found ;
Nor in my Verse Revenge or Malice found :
This makes me bold : I'll bear the Scrutiny,
And envious Thoughts in Prose or Rhyme defy.
Prove me unjust, my censur'd Fault I'll own,
And make it publick, as my Lines are grown.
What can be fairer ? What more honest is ?
Who dare assert, That my Design's amiss ?
I hate Deceit, as G——n hates the Light,

And wou'd have all to see both Wrong and Right.

You, who desire Our blest Jerus'lem's Peace,
Sure, wish to have all Lifeless Preaching cease,
That

the Ingenious Author,
his Style and
Reasonings,
being (in all
Respects) so
agreeable to
the Doctrine
of the Gos-
pel, and the
meek Exam-
ple of Christ
and his
faithful Fol-
lowers. And
Conferring
with some
worthy
Friends, how
so Healing
an Attempt
might be
made more
Useful; up-
on their

pressing In-
stances,
back'd with
the forego-
ing, and
many other
Considerati-
ons, I was
induced to
give it a Se-
cond Impres-
sion, and
Commend it
to all, who
wish well to
Sion, and
heartily de-
sire the
Peace and
Tranquility
of our Je-
rusalem.

P. G.

FINIS.

That Souls, sincere in ev'ry Point, may join,
 And form that *Bulwark strong*, where all *combine*;
 Then let Hell rage, and Plots and Engines try,
 Fix'd on the Rock, we can all *Storms defy*.

APPENDIX.

THUS I had finish'd what I meant to write,
 And left the Style, where Truth affords
 Delight :

Yet from these Strains, my Mind an *easier Way*,
 In softer Verse, wou'd fain her *Thoughts* convey;
 But who can hold from *Satyr*? Who can bear
 When *Noife* and *Bombast* fly in full *Career*?
 E'en whilst I write, the Prospect greater seems:
Here's lasting Subjects! *Here's enduring Themes!*
 Insulting Vice still sprouts like *Hydra's Heads*,
 And one lop'd off, another strait succeeds;
 Letter on Letter *G*—*n's Errors* shroud,
 And wrap th' *Impostor* in a gloomy *Cloud*.

These answer'd, to the *Press* I bore my Lines,
 To satisfy all *Friends* with my *Designs*;
 Since still I tread in Truth's plain beaten *Road*,
 And shun th' *Extreams, Diminutive or Broad*.
Time brings *strange Actions* on the *World's*
 great *Stage*,

And Piety still finds Hell's utmost *Rage*:
 E're from the *Press* this *Answer* found its way,
Characters *Invidious Hearts* their *ranc'rous Spleens* display,
of an Octo- *A monstrous Thing* in *monstrous Rymes* appears,
ber (like) *Club at* *As free from Reason*, as 'tis full of *Jeers*.

E—*d's.*

Mean

Mean were the *first Attempts*, but meaner *This*,
A poor, base, unintelligible Piece :

Here *Friends*, in *Numbers*, find a *brutal Tongue*,
And ev'ry Epithet is vile and wrong ;
Scandals are thrown, where never Scandals lay,
In no bold gen'rous Style, but *Grubstreet Way*.

These *Characters* are *Rail'ries* wanting Proof,
His *Verse* insufferable, dull and rough ;
Nor *Cadence*, *Melody*, nor *Reason* shines
In all his sensless *Phrase*, insipid *Lines* :
His own *Lampon* and *Character* he writes,
Quarrels with *Sense*, and with his *Reason* fights ;
He lashes *G——n*, whom he meant to shroud,
And, *praising him*, he speaks his *Shame* aloud.
'Tis a meer Jumble all, and all affords
A *Chaos* indigested Heap of Words.

Now, now it's seen *what sort of Foes* I've gain'd,
How *C——le* is lik'd, how *G——n* is maintain'd.
To *E——d*'s this *Invidious Thing* is sent,
Where I was never seen, nor ever went ;
If it be there *Friends* meet in *Numbers* so,
I ne'er yet had the *Happiness* to go ;
Not one of these knew ought of my Intent,
'Twas I alone, and they are innocent :
Printing and *Publication*, I alone
Caus'd of my self, and to all these unknown.
No Person did to this sharp way entice,
On me the *Character* entirely lies.

I grieve, that I'm the *Cause*, that *these* must find
The Force of ——'s base and ungen'rous Mind.
Had I born all his *Envy*, *Rage* and *Spight*,
His *vip'rous Tongue* wou'd yield *unknown Delight*,
I'd Sport with *Envy*, with her *Serpents* play,
Nor shou'd their *hissing Tongues* or *Stings* dismay.
But see how *Monstrous* vile the Author's seen,
To be reveng'd on *One*, he strikes *Nineteen*.

So *Herod* (when the tender Babes were slain)
 Shew'd dire *Revenge* and *Cruelty* in vain :
 Blind *Envy* so, that wou'd the Truth beguile,
 At *Numbers* strikes, and misses me the while.
Envy, with toothless Jaws, and *Slander*'s Pow'r,
 Wou'd poyson *Innocence*, and *Truth* devour ;
 Vip'rous her Tongue, infected is her Breath,
 And *lost Revenge* to her's as bad as Death ;
 Yet here 'tis *lost* : She champs her foaming Jaws,
 She raves at *Truth* and *Innocence*, the Cause ;
 She curls her Scorpions, bites her Flesh for
 Grief,
 Consumes her Strength, and gnaws away her
 Life.

Friends, arm'd with *Truth*, can bear the Shock
 of Hate,

By *Virtues* Noble, and by *Goodness* Great.
 Still let *black Envy* throw her Snakes around,
 And by their hissing Noise her self confound ;
 Secure as *Psylls*, on *Lybia*'s burning Plain,
 The *Poison*'s lost in Air, and *Stings* are vain :
 No *Venom* finds Effect where *Virtue* arms,
 'Tis Proof against all *Hell*'s delusive Charms.

I thought my self oblig'd these Friends to
 clear,

Or I wou'd scorn to mind his *Scribbling* here :
 The little Shams and small Deceits, too mean,
 Creep far below the Terror of my Pen.

I cou'd with *Names* and *Crimes* augment my
 Verse,

And *Names* and *Crimes* in ev'ry Line rehearse ;
 But my *Artil'ry* plays at Mountain-Vice,
 A monstrous Heap of Sin before me lies ;
 Else — shou'd find my Rage, and trem-
 ling stand,

Afraid of *Lashes* from the *Satyr*'s Hand,

Lest all his Soul to open Sight be laid,
 And fearful he be to himself betray'd.
 Since he has spoil'd the *Churches Peace* so long,
 And, *loving Broils*, foments 'em with his *Tongue*.
 He'll surely sue to be Exported then,
 To keep his *Name* and *Credit* up with Men :
 Th' *East Indian Confines* (where he meant to go)
 Nor of his *erring Way*, nor *Manners* know.
 Then, safe from — — — he'll leave behind
Gallia's brisk *Juyce* in vaulted *Caves* confin'd.
 'Tis sprightly *Wine* that animates his *Soul* ;
 He takes his *Vigor* from the flowing *Bowl*,
 Whilst he his *Life*, neglecting *Busines*, spends
 In *Asking Questions* and *disturbing Friends* ;
 Compos'd of *Mischief*, lives in baneful *Wrong*,
 He still throws *Malice* from his *envious Tongue* ;
 Affe~~cts~~ts the *Topping Air*, wou'd something be,
 And runs himself by *Prate* to *Poverty* ;
 Ne'er minds the *great Concern of Life*, his *Trade*,
 But into *Politicks* he thrusts his *Head* :
 Mimicks a *Patriot*, weighs the *Things of State*,
 What may her *Int'rest* raise, or what abate :
 Consults *dark Measures* how to trap his *Friends*,
 And jostling *Wrong* with *Right*, the *Wrong* de-
 fends.

Who cou'd not write *vast Satyrs*, when he meets
 Imperious — — ride lordly thro' the *Streets* ;
 Two furious harness'd *Courfers* draw along
 This *Lump of Pride*, and bear him through
 the *Throng*,
 Whilst in his *Shop*, some beg, and sue, and pray,
 His prope: *Bills*, at over-time, to pay.
 Vast Numbers stand before the *Satyr's Eye*,
 That shall, untouch'd, in dark *Oblivion* lye,
 If they but *Quiet* rest, the *Satyr* sleeps,
 And no *strict Guard* on all their *Actions* keeps ;

G——n and his *Abettors* then, no more
 Shall feel the *Jerk*, and dread the *Satyr's Pow'r*.
 But if their *clam'rous Tongues* the *Satyr* wake,
 At its *Just Rage* the *Proudest HE* shall quake.
 I'm bold to write, and scorn the *vulgar Way*,
 Where *Malice* leads the *Characters astray* :
 Shou'd I let loose, *Great Multitudes* shou'd feel
 The *Satyr's* *wiry Whip* and pointed *Steel*.
Nineteen nor *Ninety* then shall do with me,
 And all I write shall be from *Error* free :
 Then *Publick*, as the *Letters* I'll appear,
 Nor be thus fearful of the *Common Ear*,
 No : all such Fears I'll banish from my *Breast*,
 Others shall know how *Vertue* is deprest ;
 Others shall read, and reading judge their *Crimes*
 Who spoil the calm and advantageous *Times*,
 When *Truth* (since open *Persecution's* fled)
 Might in sweet *Peace* exult and raise her *Head*.
 Whate'er I write, in ev'ry *Word* and *Line*
 Both *Truth* and *Reason* shall united shine :
 So I at once can all dark *Pow'r*s defy,
 That by *insidious Wiles* give *Truth* the *Ly*.
 With nervous *Arguments* I've fill'd my *Strain*,
 Prov'd *Letters* and *false Characters* but vain.
 And mine, alone, shall still the *Truth* maintain.

I've finish'd now, and made my *Work* compleat,
 And none shall my strong *Arguments* defeat.
 No more I'll write, unless provok'd thereto,
 But bid to *Satyr's Strains* a long *Adieu*,
 Since I have prov'd my number'd *Labours* true,
 And shewn to all, with what *Impartial Pen*
 I've drawn the *Vice* and *Characters* of *Men*.
 My *Words* shall plead, whilst I in *secret* lie,
 And me, in ev'ry *Conscience*, justifie.